AN ESSAY ON VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

BEING A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

FIRST BOOK.

By CHRISTOPHER PITT, *A. M.*
Late Fellow of *New-College* in OXFORD.

—— *Longè ſequere, & Veſtigia ſemper adorâ.* STATIUS.

LONDON:
Printed for A. BETTESWORTH at the *Red Lyon* in *Pater-noſter-Row*; and W. HINCHLIFFE at *Dryden*'s Head under the *Royal-Exchange*,
MDCCXXVIII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Translation of the First Book.

RMS and the Man I sing, the first who bore
His Course to LATIUM, from the *Trojan* Shore;
By Fate expell'd, on Land and Ocean tost,
Before he reach'd the fair *Lavinian* Coast.
Doom'd by the Gods a Length of Wars to wage,
And urg'd by JUNO's unrelenting Rage;

E'er the brave Hero rais'd, in these Abodes,
His destin'd Walls, and fix'd his wand'ring Gods.
Hence the fam'd *Latian* Line, and Senates come,
The Tow'rs and Triumphs of Imperial Rome.

Say, Muse, what Causes could so far incense
Celestial Pow'rs? and what the dire Offence
That mov'd Heav'n's awful Empress to impose
On such a pious Prince a Weight of Woes,
Expos'd to Dangers, and with Toils oppress?
Can Rage so fierce inflame an heav'nly Breast?

Against th' *Italian* Coast, of ancient Fame
A City rose, and Carthage was the Name;
A *Tyrian* Colony; from Tyber far;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in War,
Which Juno far above all Realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her Love.

Here

Here ſtood her Chariot, here her Armour lay,
Here ſhe deſign'd, would Deſtiny give way,
Ev'n then the Seat of univerſal Sway.
But of a Race ſhe heard, that ſhould deſtroy
The *Tyrian* Tow'rs, a Race deriv'd from TROY,
Who proud in Arms, triumphant by their Swords,
Should riſe in Time, the World's victorious Lords;
By Fate deſign'd her CARTHAGE to ſubdue,
And on her ruin'd Empire raiſe a New.
This fear'd the Goddeſs; and in Mind ſhe bore
The late long War her Fury rais'd before
For GREECE with TROY; nor was her Wrath re-
ſign'd,
But every Cauſe hung heavy on her Mind;
Her injur'd Form, and PARIS' Judgment, roll
Deep in her Breaſt, and kindle all her Soul;
Th' immortal Honours of the raviſh'd Boy,
And laſt, the whole deteſted Race of TROY.
With all theſe Motives fir'd, from LATIUM far
She drove the Relicks of the *Grecian* War:

Fate

Fate urg'd their Courſe; and long they wander'd o'er
The boundleſs Ocean, toſt from Shore to Shore.
So vaſt the Work to build ſo vaſt a Frame,
And raiſe the Glories of the *Roman* Name!

Scarce from *Sicilian* Shores the ſhouting Train
Spread their broad Sails, and plow'd the foamy Main;
When haughty Juno thus her Rage expreſt;
Th' eternal Wound ſtill rankling in her Breaſt.

Then muſt I ſtop? are all my Labours vain?
And muſt this *Trojan* Prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the Fates may baffle Juno's Aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging Flames,
Burn a whole Navy of the *Grecian* Ships,
And whelm the ſcatter'd *Argives* in the Deeps?
She, for the Crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd thro' the Clouds the fiery Bolts of Jove;
Daſh'd wide his Fleet, and, as her Tempeſt flew,
Expos'd the Ocean's inmoſt Deeps to View.

Then,

Then, while transfix'd, the blaſted Wretch expires
Flames from his Breaſt, and fires ſucceeding Fires,
Snatch'd in a Whirlwind, with a ſudden Shock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed Rock.
But I, who move Supreme in Heav'n's Abodes,
Jove's Siſter-Wife, and Empreſs of the Gods,
With this one Nation muſt a War maintain
For Years on Years; and wage that War in vain.
And now what Suppliants will invoke my Name,
Adore my Pow'r, or bid my Altars flame?

Thus fir'd with Rage and Vengeance, down ſhe flies
To dark Æolia, from the diſtant Skies,
Impregnated with Storms; whoſe Tyrant binds
The bluſt'ring Tempeſts, and reluctant Winds.
Their Rage Imperial Æolus reſtrains
With rocky Dungeons, and with Heaps of Chains.
The bellowing Brethren, in the Mountain pent,
Roar round the Cave, and ſtruggle for a Vent.

From

From his high Throne, their Fury to aſſwage,
He ſhakes his Sceptre, and controuls their Rage;
Or, down the Void their rapid Whirles had driv'n
Earth, Air, and Ocean, and the Tow'rs of Heav'n.
But JOVE, the mighty Ruin to prevent,
In gloomy Caves th' aereal Captives pent:
O'er their wild Rage the pond'rous Rocks he ſpread,
And hurl'd huge Heaps of Mountains on their Head:
And gave a King commiſſion'd to reſtrain
And curb the Tempeſt, or to looſe the Rein.

WHOM thus the Queen addreſt. Since mighty JOVE,
The King of Men, and Sire of Gods above,
Gives thee, great ÆOLUS, the Pow'r to raiſe
Storms at thy ſovereign Will, or ſmooth the Seas;
A Race, I long have labour'd to deſtroy,
Waft to HESPERIA the Remains of TROY.
Ev'n now their Navy cuts the *Thuſcan* Floods,
Charg'd with their Exiles, and their vanquiſh'd Gods.

Wing

Wing all thy furious Winds; o'erwhelm their Ships;
Diſperſe, or drown the Wretches in the Deeps.
Twice ſev'n bright Nymphs of beauteous Shape are mine,
For thy Reward the faireſt I'll reſign,
And make the charming DEIOPEIA thine;
She, on thy Bed, long Bleſſings ſhall confer,
And make thee Father of a Race like her.

'Tis your's, great Queen, replies the Pow'r, to lay
The Task, and mine to liſten and obey.
By you, I ſit a Gueſt with Gods above,
And ſhare the Graces and the Smiles of JOVE:
By you, theſe Realms, this Sceptre I maintain,
And wear theſe Honours of the ſtormy Reign.

So ſpoke th' obſequious God, and, while he ſpoke,
Whirl'd his vaſt Spear, and pierc'd the hollow Rock.

The Winds, embattled, as the Mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the Vent:
Earth, in their Courſe, with giddy Whirls they ſweep,
Ruſh to the Seas, and bare the Boſom of the Deep:
Eaſt, *Weſt*, and *South*, all black with Tempeſts, roar,
And roll vaſt Billows to the trembling Shore.
The Cordage cracks; with unavailing Cries
The Trojans mourn; while ſudden Clouds ariſe,
And raviſh from their Sight the Splendors of the Skies.
Night hovers o'er the Deeps; the Day retires;
The Heav'ns flaſh thick with momentary Fires;
Loud Thunders ſhake the Poles; from ev'ry Place
Grim Death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry Face.

Congeal'd with Fear the *Trojan* Hero ſtands,
He groans, and ſpreads to Heav'n his lifted Hands.
Thrice happy thoſe whoſe Fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the Chief) beneath the *Trojan* Wall.

Oh! 'twas a glorious Fate to die in Fight,
To die, ſo bravely, in their Parents' ſight!
Oh! had I there, beneath TYDIDES' Hand,
That braveſt Hero of the *Grecian* Band,
Pour'd out this Soul, with martial Glory fir'd,
And in that Field triumphantly expir'd!
Where HECTOR fell, by fierce ACHILLES' Spear,
And great SARPEDON, the renown'd in War;
Where SIMOIS' Streams, incumber'd with the Slain,
Roll'd Sheilds, and Helms, and Heroes to the Main.

THUS while he mourns, the *Northern* Blaſt prevails,
Breaks all his Oars, and rends his flying Sails;
The Prow turns round; the Galley leaves her Side
Bare to the working Waves, and roaring Tide;
While in huge Heaps the gathering Surges ſpread,
And hang in wat'ry Mountains o'er his Head.
Theſe, ride on Waves ſublime; thoſe, ſee the Ground
Low in the boiling Deeps, and dark Profound.

Three ſhatter'd Gallies the ſtrong *Southern* Blaſt
On hidden Rocks, with dreadful Fury, caſt;
Th' ITALIANS call them Altars, when they ſtood
Sublime, and heav'd their Backs above the Flood.
Three more, fierce EURUS on the SYRTES threw
From the main Sea, and (terrible to view)
He daſh'd, and left the Veſſels, on the Land,
Intrench'd with Mountains of ſurrounding Sand.
Struck by a Billow, in the Hero's view,
From Prow to Stern the ſhatter'd Galley flew
Which bore ORONTES, and the *Lycian* Crew:
Swept off the Deck, the Pilot, from the Ship,
Stun'd by the Stroke, ſhot headlong down the Deep:
The Veſſel, by the Surge toſt round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling Gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark Abyſs emerge again;
Arms, Planks, and Treaſures, float along the Main.
And now thy Ship, ILIONEUS, gives Way,
Nor thine, ACHATES, can reſiſt the Sea;

Nor old ALETHES his ſtrong Galley ſaves,
And ABAS yields to the victorious Waves:
The Storm diſſolves their well-compacted Sides,
Which drink at many a Leak the hoſtile Tides.

MEAN time great NEPTUNE from beneath the Main,
Heard the loud Tumults in his wat'ry Reign,
And ſaw the furious Tempeſt wide around
Work up the Waters, from the vaſt Profound.
Then for his liquid Realms alarm'd, the God
Lifts his high Head above the ſtormy Flood,
Majeſtic and ſerene; he rolls his Eyes;
And ſcatter'd wide the *Trojan* Navy ſpies,
Oppreſt by Waves below, by Thunders from the Skies.
Full well he knew his Siſter's endleſs Hate,
Her Wiles and Arts to ſink the *Trojan* State.
To EURUS, and the *Weſtern* Blaſt, he cry'd,
Does your high Birth inſpire this boundleſs Pride,

Audacious

Audacious Winds! without a Pow'r from me,
To raiſe, at Will, ſuch Mountains on the Sea?
Thus to confound Heav'n, Earth, the Air, and Main?
Whom I---but firſt I'll calm the Waves again.
But if you tempt my Rage a ſecond Time,
Know, that ſome heavier Vengeance waits the Crime.
Hence; fly with ſpeed; from me your Tyrant tell,
That to my Lot this wat'ry Empire fell.
Bid him his Rocks, your darkſome Dungeons, keep,
Nor dare uſurp the Trident of the Deep.
There, in that gloomy Court, diſplay his Pow'r,
And in their Caverns hear his Tempeſts roar.

He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chac'd the Clouds away,
Huſh'd the loud Billows, and reſtor'd the Day.
Cymothoe guards the Veſſels in the Shock,
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed Rock.
He, with his Trident, diſengag'd the Ships,
And clear'd the Syrtes, and compos'd the Deeps.

Then

Then mounted on his radiant Car he rides,
And wheels along the Level of the Tides.
As when Sedition fires th' ignoble Crowd,
And the wild Rabble ſtorms, and thirſts for Blood;
Of Stones, and Brands, a mingled Tempeſt flies,
With all the ſudden Arms that Rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave Sire appears, amid the Strife,
In Morals ſtrict, and Innocence of Life,
All ſtand attentive; while the Sage controuls
Their Wrath, and calms the Tempeſt of their Souls.
So did the roaring Deeps their Rage compoſe,
When the great Father of the Floods aroſe.
Rapt by his Steeds, he flies in open Day,
Throws up the Reins, and ſkims the wat'ry Way.

The Trojans, weary'd with the Storm, explore
The neareſt Land, and reach the *Lybian* Shore.
Far in a Deep Receſs, her jutting Sides
An Iſle projects, to break the rolling Tides,

And forms a Port, where, curling from the Sea,
The Waves ſteal back, and wind into a Bay.
On either Side, ſublime in Air, ariſe
Two tow'ring Rocks, whoſe Summits brave the Skies;
Low at their Feet the ſleeping Ocean lies.
Crown'd with a gloomy Shade of waving Woods,
Their awful Brows hang nodding o'er the Floods.
Oppos'd to theſe, a ſecret Grotto ſtands,
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by Nature's Hands;
Where poliſh'd Seats appear of living Stone,
And limpid Rills, that tinkle as they run.
No Cable here, nor circling Anchor binds
The floating Veſſel, harraſt with the Winds.
The *Dardan* Hero brings to this Retreat
Sev'n ſhatter'd Ships, the Relics of his Fleet.
With fierce Deſire to gain the friendly Strand,
The Trojans leap in Rapture to the Land,
And drench'd in Brine, lye ſtrech'd along the Sand.

Achates strikes a Flint, and from the Stroke
The lurking Seeds of Fire in Sparkles broke;
The catching Flame on Leaves and Stubble preys,
Then gathers Strength, and mounts into a Blaze.
Tir'd with their Labours, they prepare to dine,
And grind their Corn, infected with the Brine.

Æneas mounts a Rock, and thence surveys
The wide and wat'ry Prospect of the Seas.
Now hopes the shatter'd *Phrygian* Ships to find,
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the Wind;
And now Caicus' glitt'ring Arms to spy;
Wide o'er the vast Horizon darts his Eye.
The Chief could view no Vessel on the Main;
But three tall Stags, stalk'd proudly o'er the Plain;
Before the Herd their beamy Fronts they rais'd,
Stretch'd out in length the Train along the Valley graz'd.
The Prince, who spy'd 'em on the Shore below,
Stop'd Short—then snatch'd the feather'd Shafts and

Which good ACHATES bore; his Arrows fled;
And first he laid the lordly Leaders dead;
Next all th' ignoble Vulgar he purſu'd,
And with his Shafts diſpers'd 'em thro' the Wood:
Nor ceas'd the Chief, 'till ſtretch'd beneath his Feet,
Lay ſev'n huge Stags, the Number of his Fleet.
Back to the Port the Victor bends his Way,
And with his Friends divides the copious Prey.
The generous Wine, to crown the genial Feaſt,
Which kind ACESTES gave his parting Gueſt,
Next to his ſad Aſſociates he imparts;
And with theſe Words revives their drooping Hearts.

FRIENDS! we have felt ſeverer Ills than theſe,
By long Expetience exercis'd in Woes.
And ſoon, to theſe Diſaſters, ſhall be giv'n
A certain Period, by relenting Heav'n.
Think, how you ſaw the dire *Cyclopean* Shore,
Heard SCYLLA's Rocks, and all her Monſters, roar.

Diſmiſs your Fears; on theſe Misfortunes paſt
Your Minds with Pleaſure may reflect at laſt.
Thro' ſuch varieties of Woes, we tend
To promis'd LATIUM, where our Toils ſhall end:
Where the kind Fates ſhall peaceful Seats ordain,
And TROY, in all her Glories, riſe again.
With manly Patience bear your preſent State,
And with firm Courage wait a better Fate.

So ſpoke the Chief, and hid his inward Smart;
Hope ſmooth'd his Looks, but Anguiſh rack'd his Heart.
The hungry Crowd prepare, without Delay,
The Feaſt to haſten, and divide the Prey.
Some from the Body ſtrip the ſmoaking Hide,
Some cut in Morſels, and the Parts divide;
Theſe bid, with buſy Care, the Flames aſpire,
Thoſe roaſt the Limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the Fire.
Thus, while their Strength and Spirits they reſtore,
The brazen Cauldrons ſmoak along the Shore.

Stretch'd on the Graſs, their Bodies they recline,
Enjoy the rich Repaſt, and quaff the gen'rous Wine.
The Rage of Hunger quell'd, they paſt away
In long and melancholy Talk the Day;
Nor knew, by Fears and Hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their Friends diſtreſt, or dead.
Apart the pious Chief, who ſuffer'd moſt,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus loſt:
For Lycus' Fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the Deeps.
Now, from high Heav'n, Imperial Jove ſurveys
The Nations, Shores, and navigable Seas;
There, as he ſate, inthron'd above the Skies,
Full on the *Lybian* Realms he fix'd his Eyes.
When, lo! the mournful Queen of Love appears;
Her ſtarry Eyes were dim'd with ſtreaming Tears;
Who to the Sire her humble Suit addreſt,
The Schemes of Fate revolving in his Breaſt.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal Sway,
Aw'd by thy Thunders, Men, and Gods obey;
What have my poor exhausted Trojans done?
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy Son?
Still, for the Sake of Italy, deny'd
All other Coasts, and barr'd the World beside?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a Race divine
Of *Roman* Chiefs should spring from Teucer's Line;
The World in future Ages to command,
And in their Empire grasp the Sea and Land.
Oh! sov'reign Father, say! what Cause could move
The fixt unalterable Word of Jove!
Which sooth'd my Grief, when Ilion felt her Doom,
And Troy I balanc'd with the Fates of Rome.
But see! their Fortune still pursues her Blow;
When wilt thou fix a Period to their Woe?
In safety, bold Antenor broke his Way
Thro' Hosts of Foes, and pierc'd th' *Illyrian* Bay,

Where,

Where, thro' nine ample Mouths, TIMAVUS pours,
Wide as a Sea, and deluges the Shores;
The Flood rebellows, and the Mountain roars.
Yet, with his Colonies, ſecure he came,
Rais'd PADUA's Walls, and gave the Realms a Name.
Then fix'd his *Trojan* Arms; his Labours ceaſe;
And now the hoary Monarch reigns in Peace.
But we, your Progeny, ordain'd to riſe
And ſhare th' eternal Honours of the Skies,
To glut the Rage of one, our Veſſels loſt,
(Hard Fate!) thrown wide, and barr'd the promis'd Coaſt.
Are theſe the Palms that Virtue muſt obtain?
And is our Empire thus reſtor'd again?

THE Sire of Men and Gods, ſuperior, ſmil'd
On the ſad Queen, and gently kiſs'd his Child.
Then, with thoſe Looks that clear the clouded Skies,
And calm the raging Tempeſt, he replies.

Daughter,

Daughter, dismiss your Fears; by Doom divine,
Fixt are the Fates of your immortal Line.
Your Eyes LAVINIUM's promis'd Walls shall see,
And here we ratify our first Decree.
Your Son, the brave ÆNEAS, soon shall rise,
Himself a God; and mount the starry Skies.
To sooth your Cares, these Secrets I relate,
From the dark Volumes of eternal Fate:
The Chief fair ITALY shall reach, and there
With mighty Nations wage a dreadful War,
New Cities raise, the savage Natives awe,
And to the conquer'd Kingdoms give the Law.
The fierce RUTULIANS, vanquish'd by his Sword,
Three Years shall LATIUM own him sovereign Lord.
Your dear ASCANIUS then, the royal Boy,
(Now call'd IULUS, since the Fall of TROY)
While thirty rolling Years their Orbs complete,
Shall wear the Crown, and from LAVINIUM's Seat
Transfer the Kingdom; and, of mighty Length
Shall raise proud ALBA, glorying in her Strength.

There,

There, ſhall the *Trojan* Race enjoy the Pow'r,
And fill the Throne three hundred Winters more.
Ilia, the royal Prieſteſs, next ſhall bear
Two lovely Infants to the God of War.
Nurſt by a tawny Wolf, her eldeſt Son,
Imperial Romulus, ſhall mount the Throne;
From his own Name, the People Romans call,
And from his Father Mars, his riſing Wall.
No Limits have I fixt, of Time, or Place,
To the vaſt Empire of the godlike Race.
Ev'n haughty Juno ſhall the Nation love,
Who now alarms Earth, Seas, and Heav'n above;
And joyn her friendly Counſels to my own,
With endleſs Fame the Sons of Rome to crown,
The World's majeſtic Lords, the Nation of the Gown.
This Word be Fate --- an Hour ſhall wing its Way,
When Troy in Duſt ſhall proud Mycenae lay.
In Greece, Assaracus his Sons ſhall reign,
And vanquiſht Argos wear the Victor's Chain.

Then CAESAR, call'd by great IULUS' Name,
(Whoſe Empire Ocean bounds, the Stars his Fame)
Sprung from the noble *Trojan* Line, ſhall riſe
Charg'd with his *Eaſtern* Spoils, and mount the Skies.
Him, ſhall you ſee, advanc'd to theſe Abodes;
Ador'd by ROME; a God among the Gods.
From that bleſt Hour, all Violence ſhall ceaſe,
The Age grow mild, and ſoften into Peace.
With righteous REMUS ſhall QUIRINUS reign,
Old FAITH, and VESTA, ſhall return again;
With ſolid Hinges ſhall old JANUS bar,
And cloſe with Bolts, the horrid Gates of War.
Within the Fane dire FURY ſhall be found,
With a huge Heap of ſhatter'd Arms around;
Wrapt in an hundred Chains, beneath the Load
The Fiend ſhall roar, and grind his Teeth in Blood.

THE Thund'rer ſaid; and down the aereal Way
Sent with his high Commands the Son of MAY;

That CARTHAGE may throw wide her friendly Tow'rs,
And grant her Gueſts the Freedom of her Shores:
Leſt DIDO, blind to Fate, and JOVE's Decree,
Should ſhut her Ports, and drive them to the Sea.
Swift on the Steerage of his Wings he flies,
And ſhoots the vaſt Expanſion of the Skies.
Arriv'd, th' Almighty's Orders he performs.
Charm'd by the God, no more the Nation ſtorms
With jealous Rage; in chief the Queen inclin'd
To Peace, and mild Benevolence of Mind.

ALL Night involv'd in Cares ÆNEAS lay,
But roſe impatient at the Dawn of Day,
To view the Coaſt, the Country to explore,
And learn if Men, or Beaſts, poſſeſt the Shore,
(For wide around the gloomy Waſt extends)
And bear the Tydings to his anxious Friends.
Beneath a ſhelving Rock his Fleet diſpos'd,
With waving Woods and awful Shades inclos'd,

Two glitt'ring Spears he ſhook with martial Pride,
And forth he march'd; ACHATES at his Side.
As thro' the Wilds the Chief his Courſe purſu'd,
He meets his Goddeſs-Mother in the Wood;
In Show, an Huntreſs ſhe appear'd, array'd
In Arms and Habit, like a *Spartan* Maid;
Or ſwift HARPALYCE of THRACE, whoſe Speed
Out-flew the Wings of Winds, and tir'd the rapid Steed.
Bare was her Knee, and with an eaſy Pride
Her poliſht Bow hung graceful at her Side.
Cloſe, in a Knot, her flowing Robes ſhe drew;
Looſe to the Winds her wanton Treſſes flew.
Ho! gentle Youths, ſhe cry'd, have you beheld
One of my Siſters, wand'ring o'er the Field,
Girt with a ſpeckled Lynxes vary'd Hide,
A painted Quiver rattling at her Side?
Or have you ſeen her with an eager Pace
Urge with full Cries the foaming Boar in Chace?

None of your charming Sisterhood (he said)
Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous Maid.
Your Name, oh! Nymph, or oh! fair Goddess, say,
A Goddess sure, or Sister of the Day,
You draw your Birth from some immortal Line,
Your Looks are heav'nly, and your Voice divine.
Tell me, on what new Climate are we thrown?
Alike the Natives and the Lands unknown!
By the wild Waves, and swelling Surges tost,
We wander Strangers on a foreign Coast.
Then will we still invoke your sacred Name,
And with fat Victims shall your Altars flame.

No Goddess' awful Name, she said, I bear;
For know, the *Tyrian* Maids, by Custom, here,
The purple Buskin, and a Quiver wear.
Your Eyes behold AGENOR's Walls aspire;
The *Punick* Realms; a Colony from TYRE.

See! wide around, waſt LYBIA's Bounds appear,
Whoſe ſwarthy Sons are terrible in War.
From her fierce Brother's Vengeance, o'er the Main,
From TYRE, fled DIDO, and enjoys the Reign:
The Tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long;
Hear then, in ſhort, the Story of her Wrong.
SICHAEUS was her Lord, beyond the Reſt
Of the *Phœnician* Race, with Riches bleſt;
Much lov'd by DIDO, whom her Father led
Pure, and a Virgin, to his nuptial Bed.
Her Brother, fierce PYGMALION, fill'd the Throne
Of TYRE, in Vice ſuperior and alone.
Ev'n at the ſacred Altar in a Strife,
By ſtealth, the Tyrant ſhed his Brother's Life;
Blind with the Charms of Gold, his Faulchion drove,
Stern, and regardleſs of his Siſter's Love.
Then, with fond Hopes, deceiv'd her for a Time,
And forg'd Pretences to conceal the Crime.

But her unbury'd Lord, before her Sight,
Roſe, in a frightful Viſion of the Night:
Around her Bed he ſtalks; pale, wond'rous pale;
And ſtaring wide, unfolds the horrid Tale,
Of the dire Altars, daſh'd with Blood around;
Then bares his Breaſt, and points to ev'ry Wound:
Warns her to fly the Land, without Delay;
And, to ſupport her thro' the tedious Way,
Shows where, in maſſy Piles, his bury'd Treaſures lay.
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the Wife her Flight intends,
Obeys the Summons, and convenes her Friends:
They meet, they joyn, and in her Cauſe engage
All, who deteſt, or dread, the Tyrant's Rage.
Some Ships, already rigg'd, they ſeiz'd, and ſtow'd
Their Sides with Gold; then launch'd into the Flood.
They ſail; the bold Exploit a Woman guides;
PYGMALION's Wealth is wafted o'er the Tides.
They came, where now you ſee new CARTHAGE riſe,
And yon' proud Cittadel invade the Skies.

The wand'ring Exiles bought a Space of Ground
Which one Bull-hide inclos'd and compaſt round;
Hence BYRSA nam'd: But now, ye Strangers, ſay,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your Way?

DEEP, from his Soul, he draws a Length of Sighs,
And, with a mournful Accent, thus replies.
Shou'd I, O Goddeſs, from their Source, relate,
Or you attend, the Annals of our Fate;
The golden Sun wou'd ſink, and Ev'ning cloſe,
Before my Tongue cou'd tell you half our Woes.
By *Grecian* Foes expell'd, from TROY we came,
From ancient TROY (if e'er you heard the Name)
Thro' various Seas; when lo! a Tempeſt roars,
And raging drives us on the *Lybian* Shores.
The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my Fame,
And brave Exploits, have reach'd the ſtarry Frame;

From

From *Grecian* Flames, I bear my reſcu'd Gods,
Safe in my Veſſels, o'er the ſtormy Floods.
In ſearch of ancient ITALY I rove,
And draw my Lineage from almighty JOVE.
A Goddeſs-Mother and the Fates, my Guides,
With twenty Ships, I plough'd the *Phrygian* Tides.
Scarce ſev'n of all my Fleet are left behind,
Rent by the Waves, and ſhatter'd by the Wind.
My ſelf, from EUROPE, and from ASIA, caſt,
A helpleſs Stranger, rove the *Lybian* Waſt.

No more cou'd VENUS hear her Son bewail
His various Woes, but interrupts his Tale.
Who-e'er you are, arriv'd in theſe Abodes,
No Wretch I deem abandon'd by the Gods;
Hence then, with haſte, to yon' proud Palace bend
Your Courſe, and on the gracious Queen attend.
Your Friends are ſafe, the Winds are chang'd again,
Or all my Skill in Augury is vain.

See thoſe twelve Swans, a Flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately, ſhooting from th' ethereal Sky,
Th' imperial Bird of Jove diſpers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, ſome ſettling on the Ground.
As theſe returning clap their ſounding Wings,
Ride round the Skies, and ſport in airy Rings;
So, have your Friends and Ships poſſeſt the Strand,
Or with full bellying Sails approach the Land.
Haſte to the Palace then, without Delay,
And, as this Path directs, purſue your Way.
She ſaid, and turning round, her Neck ſhe ſhow'd,
That with celeſtial Charms divinely glow'd.
Her waving Locks immortal Odours ſhed;
And breath'd ambroſial Scents around her Head.
Her ſweeping Robe trail'd pompous as ſhe trod,
And her majeſtic Port confeſs'd the God.
Soon as he knows her thro' the coy Diſguiſe,
He thus purſues his Mother as ſhe flies.

Must never, never more our Hands be joyn'd?
Are you, like Heav'n, grown cruel and unkind?
Why muſt thoſe borrow'd Shapes delude your Son?
And why, ah! why thoſe Accents not your own?

He ſaid; then fought the Town; but Venus ſhrowds
And wraps their Perſons in a Veil of Clouds;
That none may interpoſe, with fond Delay,
Nor ſee, nor touch, nor aſk them of their Way.
Thro' Air ſublime the Queen of Love retreats
To Paphos' ſtately Tow'rs, and bliſsful Seats:
Where to her Name an hundred Altars riſe,
And Gums, and flow'ry Wreaths, perfume the Skies.

Now o'er the lofty Hill they bend their Way,
Whence all the riſing Town in Proſpect lay,
And Tow'rs and Temples; for the Mountain's Brow
Hung bending o'er, and ſhaded all below.

Where

Where once the Cottage ſtood, with glad Surprize
The Prince beholds the ſtately Palace riſe;
On the pav'd Streets, and Gates, looks wond'ring down,
And all the Crowd and Tumult of the Town.
The TYRIANS ply their Work; with many a Groan
Theſe roll, or heave ſome huge unweildy Stone;
Thoſe bid the lofty Cittadel aſcend;
Some in vaſt Length th' embattled Walls extend;
Others for future Dwellings chooſe the Ground,
Mark out the Spot, and draw the Furrow round.
Some, uſeful Laws propoſe, and ſome, the Choice
Of ſacred Senates, and elect by Voice.
Theſe ſink a ſpacious Mole beneath the Sea,
Thoſe an huge Theatre's Foundation lay;
Hew maſſy Columns from the Mountain's Side,
Of future Scenes an ornamental Pride.
Thus to their Toils, in early Summer, run
The cluſt'ring Bees, and labour in the Sun;

Lead forth, in Colonies, their buzzing Race,
Or work the liquid Sweets, and thicken to a Maſs.
The buſy Nation flies from Flow'r to Flow'r,
And hoards, in curious Cells, the golden Store;
A choſen Troop before the Gate attends,
Heaves off the Burdens, and relieves their Friends;
Warm at the fragrant Work, in Bands, they drive
The Drone, a lazy Robber, from the Hive.
The Prince ſurveys the lofty Tow'rs, and cries,
Bleſt, bleſt are you, whoſe Walls already riſe:
Then, ſtrange to tell, he mingled with the Crowds,
And paſt, unſeen, involv'd in mantling Clouds.

Amid the Town, a ſtately Grove diſplay'd
A cooling Shelter, and delightful Shade.
Here, toſt by Winds and Waves, the Tyrians found
A Courſer's Head, within the ſacred Ground;
An Omen ſent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful Soil, and Race renown'd in War.

A Temple here *Sidonian* DIDO rais'd
To Heav'n's dread Empreſs, that with Riches blaz'd;
Unnumber'd Gifts adorn'd the coſtly Shrine,
By her own Preſence hallow'd and divine.
Braſs were the Steps, the Beams with Braſs were ſtrong,
And the reſounding Doors, on brazen Hinges, rung.
Here, a ſtrange Scene before his Eyes appears,
To raiſe his Courage, and diſpel his Fears;
Here firſt, he hopes his Fortunes to redreſs;
And finds a glimmering Proſpect of Succeſs.
While for the Queen he waited, and amaz'd
O'er the proud Shrine and pompous Temple gaz'd;
While he the Town admires, and wond'ring ſtands
At the rich Labours of the Artiſt's Hands;
Amid the ſtory'd Walls, he ſaw appear,
Drawn to the Life, the tedious *Trojan* War;
The War, that Fame had blaz'd the World around,
And ev'ry Battle fought on *Phrygian* Ground.

There

There Priam ſtood, and Agamemnon here,
And Peleus' Son, to both alike ſevere.
Struck with the View, oh! Friend, the Hero cries,
(Tears, as he ſpoke, came ſtarting from his Eyes)
Lo! the wide World our Miſeries employ;
What Realm abounds not with the Woes of Troy?
See! where the venerable Priam ſtands!
See Virtue honour'd in the *Lybian* Sands!
For Troy, the generous Tears of Carthage flow;
And *Tyrian* Breaſts are touch'd with human Woe.
Now baniſh Fear, for ſince the *Trojan* Name
Is known, we find our Safety in our Fame.

Thus, while his Soul the moving Picture fed,
A Show'r of Tears the groaning Hero ſhed.
For here, the fainting Greeks in Flight he view'd,
And there, the Trojans to their Walls purſu'd
By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful Spear,
Whirl'd on his kindling Chariot thro' the War.

Nor far from thence, proud RHESUS' Tents he knows
By their white Veils, that match'd the winter Snows,
Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd Train,
And, while he slept, by fierce TYDIDES slain.
Who drove his Coursers from the Scene of Blood,
E'er the fierce Steeds had tasted *Trojan* Food,
Or drank divine SCAMANDER's fatal Flood.

THERE TROILUS flies disarm'd, unhappy Boy!
From stern ACHILLES, round the Fields of TROY;
Unequal he! to such an Arm in War!
Supine, and trailing, from his empty Car,
Still, tho' in Death, he grasps the flowing Reins,
His startled Coursers whirl him o'er the Plains,
The Spear, inverted, streaks the Dust around,
His snowy Neck and Tresses sweep the Ground.
Mean time a pensive supplicating Train
Of *Trojan* Matrons, to MINERVA's Fane

In ſad Proceſſion with a Robe repair,
Beat their white Breaſts, and rend their golden Hair.
Unmov'd with Pray'rs, diſdainfully ſhe frown'd,
And fixt her Eyes, relentleſs, on the Ground.
Achilles here, his Vengeance to enjoy,
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the Walls of Troy:
Then to the mournful Sire, the Victor ſold
The breathleſs Body of his Son, for Gold.
His Groans now deepen'd, and new Tears he ſhed,
To ſee the Spoils, and Chariot of the Dead,
And Priam both his trembling Hands extend,
And, gaſh'd with Wounds, his dear diſfigur'd Friend.
Mixt with the *Grecian* Peers, and hoſtile Train,
Himſelf he view'd, conſpicuous in the Plain.
And ſwarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
His *Eaſtern* Hoſts, and Arms that flame with Gold.
With Fury ſtorm'd Penthesilea there,
And led, with moony Shields, her Amazons to War;

Around her Breaſt her golden Belt ſhe threw;
Then thro' the thick-embattled Squadrons flew;
Amidſt the Thouſands ſtood the dire Alarms,
And the fierce Maid engag'd the Men in Arms.

Thus, while the *Trojan* Hero ſtood amaz'd,
And, fixt in Wonder, on the Picture gaz'd,
With all her Guards, fair DIDO, from below,
Aſcends the Dome, majeſtically ſlow.
As on EUROTAS' Banks, or CYNTHUS' Heads,
A thouſand beauteous Nymphs DIANA leads:
While round their quiver'd Queen the Quires advance,
She tow'rs majeſtic, as ſhe leads the Dance;
She moves in Pomp ſuperior to the Reſt,
And ſecret Tranſports touch LATONA's Breaſt.
So paſt the graceful Queen amidſt her Train,
To ſpeed their Labours, and her future Reign.
Then with her Guards ſurrounded, in the Gate,
Beneath the midmoſt Arch, ſublime ſhe ſate.

She ſhares their Labours, or by Lots ſhe draws;
And to the Crowd adminiſters the Laws.
When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus ſpies,
Antheus, and great Sergeſtus, with ſurprize,
Approach the Throne, attended by a Throng
Of *Trojan* Friends, that pour'd in Tides along;
Whom the wild whiſtling Winds and Tempeſts bore,
And widely ſcatter'd on another Shore.
Loſt in his Hopes and Fears, amaz'd he ſtands,
And with Achates longs to joyn their Hands:
But doubtful of th' Event, he firſt attends,
Wrapt in the Cloud, the Fortune of his Friends;
Anxious, and eager 'till he knew their State,
And where their Veſſels lay, and what their Fate.
With Cries, the royal Favour to implore,
They came, a Train ſelected, from the Shore:
Then, Leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common Suit, addreſt the Throne.

Oh! Queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty Tow'rs
And this proud Town to raise on *Lybian* Shores,
With high Commands, a savage Race to awe,
And to the barb'rous Natives give the Law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd Race,
Toss round the Seas, implore your royal Grace;
Oh! check your Subjects, and their Rage reclaim,
E'er their wild Fury wrap our Fleet in Flame.
Oh! save a pious Race; regard our Cry;
And view our Anguish with a melting Eye.
We come not, mighty Queen, an hostile Band,
With Sword and Fire, and, ravaging the Land,
To bear your Spoils triumphant to the Shore:
No — to such Thoughts the vanquish'd dare not soar.
Once by *Oenotrians* till'd, there lies a Place,
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the *Grecian* Race,
(For martial Deeds, and Fruits, renown'd by Fame)
But since, Italia, from the Leader's Name;

To that bleſt Shore we ſteer'd our deſtin'd Way,
When ſudden, dire ORION rows'd the Sea;
All charg'd with Tempeſts roſe the baleful Star,
And on our Navy pour'd his wat'ry War;
With ſweeping Whirlwinds caſt our Veſſels wide,
Daſh'd on rough Rocks, or driving with the Tide:
The few ſad Relicks of our Navy bore
Their Courſe to this unhoſpitable Shore.
What are the Cuſtoms of this barbarous Place?
What more than Savage this inhuman Race?
In Arms they riſe, and drive us from the Strand,
From the laſt Verge, and Limits of the Land.
Know, if divine and human Laws you ſlight,
The Gods, the Gods will all our Wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard the Right.
ÆNEAS was our King, of high Renown;
Great, Good, and Brave; and War was all his own.
If ſtill he lives, and breaths this vital Air,
Nor we, his Friends and Subjects, ſhall deſpair;

Nor

Nor you, great Queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind Compaſſion in the Cauſe of TROY.
Beſides, on high the *Trojan* Enſigns ſoar,
And *Trojan* Cities grace SICILIA's Shore;
Where great ACESTES, of the *Dardan* Strain,
Deriv'd from ancient TEUCER, holds his Reign.
Permit us, from your Woods, new Planks and Oars
To fell, and bring our Veſſels on your Shores;
That, if our Prince and Friends return again,
With Joy, for LATIUM, we may plow the Main.
But if thoſe Hopes are vaniſht quite away,
If loſt, and ſwallow'd in the *Lybian* Sea,
You lye, great Guardian of the *Trojan* State,
And young IULUS ſhares his Father's Fate;
Oh! let us ſeek SICILIA's Shores again,
And fly from hence to good ACESTES' Reign.
He ſpoke; a loud Aſſent ran murmuring thro' the Train.

THUS then, in ſhort, the gracious Queen replies,
While on the Ground ſhe fixt her modeſt Eyes.

TROJANS,

Trojans, be bold; against my Will, my Fate,
A Throne unsettled, and an infant State,
Bid me defend my Realms with all my Pow'rs,
And guard with these Severities my Shores.
Lives there a Stranger to the *Trojan* Name,
Their Valour, Arms, and Chiefs of mighty Fame?
We know the War that set the World on Fire,
Nor are so void of Sense the Sons of Tyre.
For here his Beams indulgent Phœbus sheds,
And rolls his flaming Chariot o'er our Heads.
Seek you, my Friends, the blest *Saturnian* Plains,
Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns?
With Aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my Stores,
Safe will I send you from the *Lybian* Shores.
Or would you stay to raise this growing Town?
Fix here your Seat; and Carthage is your own.
Haste, draw your Ships to Shore; to me the same,
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in Name.
And oh! that great Æneas had been tost,
By the same Storm, on the same friendly Coast,

But

But I will ſend, my Borders to explore,
And trace the Windings of the mazy Shore.
Perchance, already thrown on theſe Abodes,
He roams the Towns, or wanders thro' the Woods.
Rais'd in their Hopes the Friend and Hero ſtood;
And long'd to break, tranſported, from the Cloud.
Oh! Goddeſs-born! cry'd brave ACHATES, ſay,
What are your Thoughts, and why this long Delay?
All ſafe you ſee; your Friends and Fleet reſtor'd:
One (whom we ſaw) the whirling Gulf devour'd.
Lo! with the Reſt your Mother's Words agree,
All but ORONTES ſcap'd the raging Sea.

SWIFT as he ſpoke, the Vapours break away,
Diſſolve in Æther, and refine to Day.
Radiant, in open View, ÆNEAS ſtood,
In Form and Looks, majeſtic as a God.
Fluſh'd with the roſy Bloom of Youth he glows,
His Hair in Ringlets, curl'd by VENUS, flows;

The Queen of Love the Glance divine ſupplies,
And breathes immortal Spirit in his Eyes.
Like *Parian* Marble, beauteous to behold,
Or Silver's milder Gleam, in burniſh'd Gold,
Or poliſh'd Iv'ry, ſhone the godlike Man:
All ſtood ſurpriz'd; and thus the Prince began.

ÆNEAS, whom you ſeek, you here ſurvey;
Eſcap'd the Tempeſt of the *Lybian* Sea.
O DIDO, gracious Queen, who make alone
The Woes, and Cauſe, of wretched TROY your own,
And ſhelter in your Walls, with pious Care,
Her Sons, the Relicks of the *Grecian* War,
Who all the Forms of Miſery have bore,
Storms on the Sea, and Dangers on the Shore;
Nor we, nor all the *Dardan* Nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the Globe, and ſcatter'd round the World,
But the good Gods, with Bleſſings, ſhall repay
Your bounteous Deeds; the Gods and only they,

(If pious Acts, if Juſtice they regard)
And your clear Conſcience ſtands its own Reward.
How bleſt this Age that has ſuch Virtue ſeen?
How bleſt the Parents of ſo great a Queen?
While to the Sea the Rivers roll, and Shades
With awful Pomp ſurround the Mountain Heads,
While Æther ſhines, with golden Planets grac'd,
So long your Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall laſt.
Whatever Realm my Fortune has aſſign'd,
Still will I bear your Image in my Mind.

Thus having ſaid, the pious Chief extends
His Hands around, and hails his joyful Friends:
His Left, Serœstus graſp'd with vaſt Delight,
To great Ilioneus he gave the Right.
Cloanthus, Gyas, and the *Trojan* Train,
All, in their Turns, embrac'd the Prince again.

Charm'd with his Preſence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his Fortune much, his Perſon more.

What Fate, O Goddeſs-born, ſhe ſaid, has toſt
So brave a Hero on this barbarous Coaſt?
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's Grove
Sprung from Anchiſes and the Queen of Love
By Simois' Streams? and now I call to Mind,
When Teucer left his native Shores behind;
The baniſht Prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' Aid, to fix him in his Reign;
Then the rich *Cyprian* Iſle, my warlike Sire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with Sword and Fire.
From him I learnt the *Grecian* Kings of Fame,
The Fall of Ilion, and your glorious Name:
He on your Valour, tho' a Foe, with Joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his Birth from Troy.
Come to my Palace then, my royal Gueſt,
And, with your Friends, indulge the genial Feaſt.
My Wand'rings and my Fate, reſembling yours,
At length have fixt me on the *Lybian* Shores;
And, touch'd with Miſeries my ſelf have known,
I view, with pity, Woes ſo like my own.

She ſpoke, then leads him to her proud Abodes,
Ordains a Feaſt, and Offerings to the Gods.
Twice fifty bleating Lambs and Ewes ſhe ſends,
And twice ten brawny Oxen to his Friends:
A hundred briſtly Boars, and monſt'rous Swine;
With Bacchus' Gifts, a Store of generous Wine.
The inner Rooms in regal Pomp diſplay'd,
The ſplendid Feaſts in ample Halls are made;
Where, labour'd o'er with Art, rich Carpets lye,
That glow refulgent with the purple Dye.
The Boards are pil'd with Plate of curious Mould;
And their Foreſather's glorious Deeds, enroll'd,
Blaz'd round the Bowls, and charg'd the riſing Gold.

No more the Prince his eager Love ſuppreſt,
And all the Parent ſtruggled in his Breaſt.
He ſends Achates to inform his Son,
And guide the young Ascanius to the Town;

(On his Ascanius turn his Fear and Joy,
The Father's Cares are center'd in the Boy)
To bring rich Preſents to the Queen of Tyre,
And Relicks, reſcu'd from the *Trojan* Fire.
A Mantle, wrought with ſaffron Foliage round;
And a ſtiff Robe, with golden Figures crown'd,
Fair Helen's Dreſs, when fir'd with lawleſs Joy,
She left her native Walls to ruin Troy,
(Her Mother's Preſent in the bridal Hour;)
With Gold a ſhining Sceptre ſtudded o'er,
That wont Ilione's fair Hand to grace,
The eldeſt Nymph of Priam's beauteous Race;
Her Necklace, ſtrung with Pearls; her Crown, that glows
Inſtar'd with Gems and Gold, in double Rows.
To bring the ſplendid Gifts, without Delay,
Swift to the Fleet Achates bends his Way.

But beauteous Venus in her Breaſt deſign'd
New Wiles, and plan'd new Counſels in her Mind,

That winged CUPID to the Court ſhou'd come
Like ſweet ASCANIUS, in ASCANIUS' Room;
With the rich Gifts the *Tyrian* Queen inſpire,
And kindle in her Veins the raging Fire.
Her dread of JUNO's Arts, who guards the Place,
Her juſt Suſpicions of the treach'rous Race,
Break, each revolving Night, her golden Reſt:
And thus the ſuppliant Queen the God addreſt.

OH Son! my Strength, my Pow'r! who fire above
Immortal Breaſts, nor dread the Bolts of JOVE.
To thee I fly, thy Succour to implore;
Court thy Protection, and thy Pow'r adore.
How haughty JUNO's reſtleſs Rage has toſt
Your Brother round the Seas, and ev'ry Coaſt,
Is but to mention what too well you know,
Who ſigh'd my Sighs, and wept a Mother's Woe.
Him, in her Town, the *Tyrian* Queen detains,
With ſoft Seducements, from the *Latian* Plains.

But much I fear that hoſpitable Place,
Where JUNO reigns, the Guardian of the Race:
And leaſt this fair Occaſion ſhe improve,
Know, I deſign to fire the Queen with Love;
A Love, beyond the Cure of Pow'rs divine;
A Love as ſtrong, and violent as mine.
But how the proud PHOENICIAN to ſurprize
With ſuch a Paſſion, hear what I adviſe.
The royal Youth, ASCANIUS, from the Port
Haſtes, by his Father's Summons, to the Court;
With coſtly Preſents charg'd, he takes his Way,
Sav'd from the *Trojan* Flames, and ſtormy Sea;
But to prevent Suſpicion, will I ſteep
His Temples in the Dews of balmy Sleep,
Then to CYTHERA's ſacred Seats remove,
Or ſoftly lay him in th' *Idalian* Grove.
This one revolving Night, thy ſelf a Boy,
Wear thou the Features of the Youth of TROY;
And when the Queen, tranſported with thy Charms,
Amidſt the Feaſt, ſhall ſtrain thee in her Arms,

The

The gentle Poiſon by Degrees inſpire
Thro' all her Breaſt; then fan the riſing Fire,
And kindle all her Soul. The Mother ſaid,
With Joy the God her ſoft Commands obey'd.
Aſide his Quiver, and his Wings he flung,
And like the Boy IULUS, tript along.

MEAN time the Goddeſs on ASCANIUS throws
A balmy Slumber and a ſweet Repoſe;
Lull'd in her Lap to reſt, the Queen of Love,
Convey'd him to the ſoft *Idalian* Grove.
Wrapt in a flow'ry Bed her Charge ſhe laid,
And breathing round him roſe the fragrant Shade.

NOW CUPID, pleas'd his Orders to obey,
Brought the rich Gifts; ACHATES led the Way.
He came, and found on coſtly Carpets ſpread
The Queen majeſtic midſt her golden Bed.
The great ÆNEAS and the TROJANS lye
On pompous Couches, ſtain'd with *Tyrian* Dye.

Soft

Soft Towels for their Hands th' Attendants bring,
And limpid water from the chryſtal Spring.
They waſh; the menial Train the Tables ſpread;
And heap in glitt'ring Caniſters the Bread.
To dreſs the Feaſt, full fifty Handmaids joyn,
And burn rich Incenſe to the Pow'rs divine;
A hundred Boys and Virgins ſtood around,
The Banquet marſhal'd, and the Goblets crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd Beds the TYRIANS come
Frequent and full; and crowd the regal Room.
The Gueſts the gorgeous Gifts and Boy admire,
His Voice, and Looks, that glow with youthful Fire;
The Veil and Foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich Robe that flam'd with figur'd Gold:
But chief the Queen, the Boy and Preſents move,
The Queen, already doom'd to fatal Love,
Inſatiate in her Joy, ſhe ſate amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his Face, and kindled as ſhe gaz'd,

First, his diſſembled Father he careſt,
Hung round his Neck, and play'd upon his Breaſt;
Then to the Queen's Embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and ſent her Soul at every View;
Then took him on her Lap, devour'd his Charms;
Nor knew poor DIDO, blind to future Harms,
How great a God ſhe fondled in her Arms.
But he, now mindful of his Mother, ſtole
By ſlow Degrees SICHÆUS from her Soul;
Her Soul, rekindling, in her Huſband's ſtead
Admits the Prince; the Living for the Dead.

SOON as the Banquet paus'd, to raiſe their Souls,
With ſparkling Wine they crown the maſſy Bowls.
Thro' the wide Hall the rolling Eccho bounds,
The Palace rings, the vaulted Dome reſounds.
The blazing Torches, and the Lamps, diſplay,
From golden Roofs, an artificial Day.
Now DIDO crowns the Bowl of State with Wine,
The Bowl of BELUS, and the regal Line.

Her Hands aloft the ſhining Goblet hold,
Pond'rous with Gems, and rough with ſculptur'd Gold.
When ſilence was proclaim'd, the royal Fair
Thus to the Gods addreſt her fervent Pray'r.

ALMIGHTY JOVE! who plead'ſt the Stranger's Cauſe;
Great guardian God of hoſpitable Laws!
Oh! grant this Day to circle ſtill with Joy,
Thro' late Poſterity, to TYRE and TROY.
Be thou, O BACCHUS! God of Mirth! a Gueſt;
And thou, O JUNO! grace the genial Feaſt.
And you, my Lords of TYRE, your Fears remove,
And ſhow your Gueſts Benevolence and Love.
She ſaid, and on the Board, in open View,
The firſt Libations to the Gods ſhe threw:
Then ſip'd the Wine, and gave to DIDO's Hand.
He roſe, obedient to the Queen's Command;
At once the thirſty TROJAN ſwill'd the Whole,
Sunk the full Gold, and drain'd the foaming Bowl.

Then thro' the Peers, with ſparkling Nectar crown'd,
The Goblet circles, and the Health goes round.
With curling Treſſes grac'd, and rich Attire,
Iopas ſtands, and ſweeps his golden Lyre;
The Truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he ſings,
And Nature's Secrets, on the ſounding Strings:
Why Cynthia changes; why the Sun retires,
Shorn of his radiant Beams, and genial Fires;
From what Originals, and Cauſes, came
Mankind and Beaſts, the Rain, and riſing Flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his ſtormy Star;
The wat'ry Hyads, and the *Northern* Car;
Why Suns in Summer the ſlow Night detain,
And ruſh ſo ſwift in Winter to the Main.
With Shouts the Tyrians praiſe the Song divine,
And in the loud Applauſe the Trojans joyn.
The Queen, in various Talk, prolongs the Hours,
Drinks deep of Love, and ev'ry Word devours;
This Moment longs of Hector to enquire,
The next of Priam, his unhappy Sire;

What Arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious Son;
How high above his Hosts Achilles shone;
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his Car;
How his fierce Coursers swept the Ranks of War.
Nay, but at large, my godlike Guest, relate
The *Grecian* Wiles, she said, and Ilion's Fate;
How far your Course around the Globe extends,
And what the Woes and Fortunes of your Friends:
For since you wander'd every Shore and Sea,
Have sev'n revolving Summers roll'd away.

The End of the First Book of the Æneid.

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

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First ÆNEID.

THE few following Notes are partly my own, and partly drawn from the Commentators of VIRGIL, and especially from the ingenious Dr. TRAPP; who has given us an Abstract of their Annotations, with a great many excellent Observations of his own. I have us'd their Comments as they came in my Way, without any particular Citations; and have flung together these Remarks, only for the Benefit of the *English* Reader who knows little of the original Language, and some meer *English* Criticks, who know nothing of their own.

VERSE

VERSE 4. Lavinian *Coaſt.*] So call'd from LAVINIA, the Daughter of King LATINUS, and Wife of ÆNEAS. One of the Commentators, indeed, derives the Name from LAVINUS, the Brother of LATINUS; but is at a Loſs to prove there was ever ſuch a Perſon.

VERSE 36. *Her injur'd Form,* &c.] The Reader may pleaſe to obſerve, that this irreconcileable Hatred of JUNO to the TROJANS, was owing altogether to the Neglect of her Beauty, in all the Inſtances here mention'd; PARIS had prefer'd VENUS, and JUPITER ELECTRA to Her: She had, indeed, more than a perſonal Quarrel with GANYMEDE, becauſe he was advanc'd to be Cupbearer to JUPITER, in the Room of HEBE her only Daughter.

VERSE 53. *And why could* PALLAS, &c.] AJAX the Leſs, as HOMER calls him, the Son of OILEUS, and Leader of the LOCRIANS, in his Return from TROY, was overtaken by a violent Tempeſt, and himſelf Thunderſtruck by PALLAS, in Revenge for having raviſh'd CASSANDRA, the Daughter of PRIAM, in her Temple. HOMER gives us a different Account, in the Fourth Book of the *Odyſſey*, and ſays, that he was drown'd by NEPTUNE for his execrable Blaſphemies, and Defiance of the Gods, in a Storm.

VERSE

VERSE. 114. *Ruſh to the Seas*, &c.] VIRGIL is ſo happy in the Variety of his Periods, and the Superiority of his Language, to all others but the *Greek*, that it is impoſſible for a Tranſlation, in *Engliſh*, and in Rhyme, to do him Juſtice in this Particular. As it does not look graceful to run the Senſe too frequently out of one Couplet into another, and as Rhyme will not admit of ſuch a Variety of Periods as blank Verſe, ſome Care has been taken in this Tranſlation to endeavour at ſomething equivalent, either by cloſing the Senſe with a Triplet, (which is ſometimes practis'd by Mr. POPE, and too frequently by Mr. DRYDEN) or by making Uſe of the *Alexandrian* Line, which is a Liberty I have ſeldom taken, unleſs it appears Neceſſary, or at leaſt proper (as in this Place) to expreſs the Length, the Vaſtneſs, the Rapidity, or Slowneſs of an Image, according to the eſtabliſh'd Rule of making *the Sound an* Eccho *to the Senſe*.

VERSE 124. *Congeal'd with Fear*, &c.] There is not a Paſſage in VIRGIL that has been more ſeverely canvaſt by the Critics than this, where the Hero of the Poem is repreſented in ſuch a Fright. *Monſieur St.* EVREMONT in particular, is very ridiculouſly Merry upon it, and after having laught at his Want of Courage, and Exceſs of Piety, concludes that he was fitter to make the the Founder of an *Order* than an Empire. But by that Critic's Leave, ÆNEAS weeps on a much juſter Occaſion than ACHILLES in HOMER; his Tears,

are the Tears of a King and a Hero; he does not weep for himſelf, but his Subjects; nor grieve for the Approach of Death, but the Manner of it; for thro' the whole Speech, he paſſionately wiſhes he had dy'd warm in the Field of Battle. Beſides, ſuch a Fright appears very Juſtifiable in him, or any Hero of thoſe Ages, when it was a receiv'd Opinion, that drowning was an accurſed Death, and that thoſe who were depriv'd of the Rites of Sepulture, were condemn'd to wander an hundred Years on the Banks of the River STYX, before they were tranſported to the *Elyſian* Fields; as we read in the ſixth *Æneid.*

Hæc Omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque Turba eſt;
Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, ſepulti.
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Tranſportare prius, quam ſedibus Oſſa quiêrunt;
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum;
Tum demum admiſſi ſtagna exoptata reviſunt.

L. 6. V. 324.

VERSE 147. *On hidden Rocks,* &c.] This Paſſage has been charg'd with Contradiction, becauſe the Rocks are ſaid to be hidden, and yet to appear with a huge Ridge above the Water. RUAEUS ſays, that the Iſlands themſelves might appear above the Surface with a great Prominence, and the Rocks which were about

bout the Iſlands may lye under the Water. Dr. TRAPP's Words are theſe. They (*i. e.* the Rocks) were conceal'd below, tho' they had a *Dorſum immane*, a large prominent Ridge on the Surface. For my Part, I ſee no Difficulty or Contradiction in the Paſſage, For why may we not ſuppoſe, that they appear'd above the Water in a Calm, and were hidden under the Waves (as in the preſent Caſe) in a Storm.

VERSE 298. *For* LYCUS' *Fate*, &c.] Nothing but extream Haſte in Writing could have made Mr. DRYDEN tranſlate this Paſſage ſo meanly.

Mourns th' uncertain State
Of GYAS, LYCUS, *and of* AMYCUS,
The Day, but not their Sorrows ended thus.
DRYDEN.

How vaſtly different is the Conduct of Mr. POPE, in his Tranſlation of the Catalogue of the Ships, where, for ſome hundred Lines together, he is engag'd in a Heap of proper Names; yet that great Maſter, by his exquiſite Skill in Sounds and Numbers, has ſet them to Muſic, and deriv'd from them the fineſt Harmony in the World. But we ought to paſs by theſe, and a great many other low and vulgar Expreſſions in Mr. DRYDEN, if we conſider that his Neceſſities oblig'd him to tranſlate all the Works of VIRGIL in three Years.

VERSE 424. *Or ſwift* HARPALYCE, &c.] The Tranſlation follows HUETIUS, who reads *Eurum* inſtead of *Hebrum*; I have endeavour'd to image the Rapidity of HARPALYCE in the Run of the Verſe. Nor is this too Extravagant for VIRGIL, who in the ſeventh *Æneid*, paints the Swiftneſs of CAMILLA in as bold a Manner, in thoſe charming Lines which fly along with the Virgin they deſcribe.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Culmina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas;
Vel Mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celerès neque tingeret æquore Plantas.

VERSE 504. *The good* ÆNEAS *am I call'd*, &c.] To defend this Paſſage which may diſguſt a ſqueamiſh modern Critic, I ſhall tranſcribe the Words of a very ingenious Author, whom I am proud to call my Friend, and to quote upon any Occaſion. ‘ * Cuſtom ‘ and Prejudice have now render'd it unpolite, and even ‘ ſhocking, for a Man, almoſt in any Caſe, to commend ‘ himſelf: But it was not thus anciently. It is certain, ‘ that it was not thus in the Times of thoſe Heroes ‘ whom HOMER deſcribes; and HOMER therefore acts ‘ with Propriety, in making ULYSSES ſay that NESTOR

* See the Eſſay on Mr. POPE's *Odyſſey*, Part 1. Page 50.

‘ *and*

'*and himself were the wiseſt of all the* GRECIANS.' Now, is the Tranſlator, in this Caſe, to follow his 'Author or not? Is he to preſerve the Manners of the 'Ancients, in the Characters of his Heroes, or is he to 'modernize them, and to make ULYSSES and ACHILLES 'appear the moſt accompliſh'd, fineſt Gentlemen in the 'World'? --- What this learned Gentleman ſays in Defence of HOMER's Heroes, is applicable to ÆNEAS who was their Cotemporary. And VIRGIL, with the utmoſt Propriety, makes his Hero commend himſelf with that Freedom and Openneſs of Behaviour, that was in Uſe among the Ancients; when Men ſpoke to *expreſs* their *Thoughts*, as they now do to *conceal* them.

VERSE 539. *And her majeſtic Port confeſt the God.*] The Tranſlation in this Place ventures to call VENUS a God. VIRGIL calls her ſo in the next Book. And in this very Verſe he takes as great a Liberty, by leaving two Vowels opening upon one another. The Word Θεὸς in the *Greek* is us'd promiſcuouſly in either Gender. (Not to mention EURIPIDES, DEMOSTHENES, LUCAN, and STATIUS) MINERVA is call'd a God by HOMER in the fifth *Iliad*, and by Mr. POPE, as good an Authority, in the Tranſlation.

VERSE 636. --- SCAMANDER's *fatal Flood.*] The River SCAMANDER, or XANTHUS, is here call'd *fatal*, becauſe if the Horſes of RHAESUS King of THRACE, who came to the Aſſiſtance of PRIAM, had

had drank of that River, it was decreed by the Fates, that TROY ſhould not be taken. DIOMED ſlew RHAESUS and his Guards, and drove away the Horſes the ſame Night they arriv'd in the *Trojan* Camp.

I SHALL cloſe theſe few Remarks with a Word or two concerning this Tranſlation. I have endeavour'd, thro' the Whole, to practiſe my Lord ROSCOMMON's Rule,

Your Author always will the beſt adviſe;
Fall as he falls, and ai he riſes, riſe.

but with what Succeſs, is with all Deference ſubmitted to the Reader; I have us'd a few of Mr. DRYDEN's Rhimes and Expreſſions, where he adheres cloſely to the Senſe of VIRGIL, or I muſt have wander'd from the Original myſelf; but I have not been ſo free with him, in this Particular, as he is with my Lord LAUDERDALE. Had I borrow'd more from him, this Tranſlation, perhaps, had been ſo much the better. Far be it from me, therefore, to think I am able to do VIRGIL juſtice, or to improve on Mr. DRYDEN's Tranſlation; the utmoſt Merit I pretend to, is to have avoided thoſe low and vulgar Expreſſions, and technical Terms, and Deviations from the Original, which he is guilty of too frequently: if I may be allow'd to deliver my Opinion of Mr. DRYDEN's Performance, after ſo great a Judge as Mr. POPE, it

ſhould

ſhould be in the Words of Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Great are its Faults, but glorious is its Flame.

After all, I had never preſum'd to make any Attempt on VIRGIL, after ſo great a Man as Mr. DRYDEN; but I undertook this ſmall Performance at the Requeſt of ſome very learned and ingenious Friends, and particularly of a worthy Gentleman, who has done VIRGIL great Juſtice in his Tranſlation of the two firſt Books of the *Georgicks*, who was pleas'd to write to me on this Occaſion, in Terms that I cannot repeat without Vanity. To him, therefore, I deſire to dedicate this my firſt Attempt on the *Æneid*, who is ſo well acquainted, by Experience, with the Difficulties, as well as the Beauties, of VIRGIL. And if I gain no Reputation by this Performance, yet I ſhall think myſelf ſufficiently honour'd with the Friendſhip and Acquaintance, of ſo learned and polite a Gentleman as Mr. BENSON.

FINIS.

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